NOTES FROM LONDON.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN-LORD RANDOLPH-WED-DING INCIDENTS-MR. CURZON-MR. WYNDHAM.

[FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.] London, July 30.
The text of the letter attributed to Mr. Chamberlain, read by Sir Wilfrid Lawson in the Royal Grants debate, is as follows:

" 2d Oct., 1874. Southbourne, Augustus Road, Edgbaston. " I shall be ashamed of myself and the whole business, but que voulez vous? We must all sacriffice at times to the great Goddess Gdgrun. Thank goodness, he has asked himself, and my responsibility is confined to representing the Cor-

poration on the occasion. He is sure to be well received by the crowd, and will be as popular

as the Tichborne claimant."

Less than fifteen years, say the Chamberlain. Radicals, and see the change. The "He" who had "asked himself," and whom Mr. Chamberlain, then Mayor of Birmingham, likened to be the Tichborne claimant, is none other than His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, with whom Mr. Chamberlain's relations are now less distant than at that distant date. There is nothing onderful in the change, nor do I see why it should be thought discreditable to the ex.Mayor of Birmingham, nor do I know that it is. The letter was uncarthed and read publicly in the hope that it might be disagreeable to its author, whom his old Radical associates now lose no opportunity of being disagreeable. They make secret of their hatred; it has been shown on many occasions, and the explosion of it last Thursday evening in the House of Commons was one of the most remarkable scenes in that remarkable debate. Mr. Labouchere put the match to the powder; it is one of his favorite amuse. ments. The senior member for Northampton-he used to speak of himself in distinction from Mr. Bradlaugh as the "Christian" member-was inveighing against salaried sinecurists in the Royal Household: the Master of the Horse, the Master of the Buckhounds, and the rest. These places might, he urged, be abolished, or the salaries at least might be abolished. Many noblemen would be willing to serve without pay. " Or, if not," continued Mr. Labouchere smoothly, "they could easily get gentlemen to do it. He had one in his mind, a member who had lately joined gentlemen of England, and who do the work and uniform-I mean the right honorable member for West Birmingham." Mr. Chamberlain sat as his manner is, on the front Opposition beach. with his bat over his eyes, is the attitude of slumber or, perhaps, indifference. He is used to these sudden attacks, and meets them as a rule with started as if stung. The House, or rather the Opposition half of it, cheered viciously: the cheers died away and rose again; the Radicals were beside themselves with delight, and Mr. Labouchere chuckled. He had paid off part of his score to the leader whom he had deserted.

A single fact will give you as good a notion as a dozen of the impression made by Lord Randolph Churchhill's speech on the Royal Grants in the House of Commons Friday afternoon. One of the members of Her Majesty's Government, a Cabinet Minister not supposed to be too friendly to his ex-colleague, said : " If Randolph makes one or two mere such speeches, no matter whether in the House or on the platform, he will stand as high as he ever did, both with his party and the country." Which means, of course, that the Goverament would have to take him back. He stands as it is much higher than they imagine. I can give you another-American testimony this a man who has in times past sit there often, and heard all the great House of Commons orators. I never heard a better speech for the purposes of debate," he said. A friend tells me that when he rose his own party hesitated before they cheered him, then cheered rather faintly. But as he went on the cheers rose higher and spread wider. Lord Randolph captivated these whom he once led, and the applaus: that echoed about him as he sat down was of the heartiest kind. There is a distressing story that the Queen was

at one moment, or perhaps at two moments, on Saturday in a bad temper; which means, no doubt, There were causes for the frown. The ceremony began ten minutes late, and the Queen no more likes being kept waiting than did Louis XIV The reason for the delay was simple enough The Princess Louise of Wales drove away from Mariborough House in such a hurry that she forgot her boaquet. Whether the absence of a bouquet would have invalidated fae marriage ceremony I counct say, but it was thought worth while to send an equerry on horseback from Buckingham Pakice to Malborough House to bring the missing flowers. How the crowd must have wondered as they saw Mis warrior returning at full gallop along the Mall with a huge nosegay in his hand! Nor was this the only incident. As the Princess was arranging her veil, the necklace which she wore burst and was scattered over the floor. The links had to be found and put together, and there were eroakers-there are always croakers-who said it was bad luck, a form of bad luck which they probably invented for the occasion. So much for the beginning. At the end came one of those awkward pauses so frequent in royal ceremonials, due simply to want of rehearsal. Nobody kn w who should go out first. The bride and bridegroom waited for the Queen, but the Queen thought it their business to lead the way, and finally the Prince of Wales, never at fault in a social emergency, told Lord Fife to go on, and on they went. Last of all, it appears that Lord Fife, a shy man, did not salute in the usual way the mother of his bride. Probably it did not occur to him that even in these circumstances, and by virtue of this new relation, he had become privileged to kiss the Princess of Wales. At any rate, be did not do it, and the Queen noticed the omission and was vexed, and one of the household, who does not like the marriage, said: "If he had been a German Prince he would have done it as a matter of course." But there are consolutions in this world, and perhaps Lord Fife would not exchange his lot even for that of a Battenberg, or of a German Prince of a more

Besides the short list of privileged guests bidden to the actual marriage, invitations, or permissiens, were given to many persons to enter the Palace and arrange themselves as best they could in the alcoves and doorways and recesses along the corridors by which the wedding party passed to the chapel-a long road. One of them tells me that among them was Mr. Augustus Harris, the manager of Drury Lane Theatre and of Covert Garden Opera and of the Empire Theatre, and of I know what other dramatic and musical enterprises. There is nothing very astonishing in that. He was perhaps in search of new hints for stage business or scenery, or wanted to see whether they do such things at Buckingham Palace as bandsomely as in his own dramatic dominious. The remarkable part of the tale begins with the subsequent appearance of Mr. Harris in the chapel gallery, and with him no less a personage than Madame Sarah Bernhardt. This was vouched for by an alleged eye-witness, a most credible one, and on the faith of her assurance I repeated the story. "It is perfectly impossible," answered this other friend, with quickness and some energy. the first place, there was not a vacant seat. In the second, I saw Mr. Harris on my way to the chapel and on my way back, and I am certain he could not have stirred. And Sarah was not with him, though I did hear she was some. where in or about the Palace." After this, and after the equally positive and negative evidence on the momentous question of General Boulanger's presence at the Marlborough House garden party, hat is one to believe, and what is history?

Mr. George Curzon's book on Russia, which was expected last spring but postponed to a more

night audience, came perilously near to damnation, and there was a scene at the end between the gallery and the manager which was more exciting than the play itself, but produced no bloodshed. Wyndham was alert, irrepressible, buoyant as ever; while he is on the stage things seem to go; when he departs all movement departs with him, and what is left is stale and flat, nor can all Mr. Burnand's dexterities of diction enliven his G. W. S.

A GENUINE MADSTONE.

CASES OF DOG.BITE IT HAS CURED.

A LUCKY ILLINOIS FARMER WHO HAS A SURE REMEDY FOR HYDROPHOBIA.

Carthage, Ill., Aug. 10 (Special) .- T. M. Orion, ell to do farmer of Hancock County, who lives in the little town of Denver, is the possessor of a " madstone" which is thought here to have been instrumental in saving many lives. It is difficult to give a tion of this madstone. Its size is about four by three and one-half inches and it weighs less than a pound. While in looks it resembles a petrified honeycomb, the stone itself is more nearly coral. It is porous to a great degree, as shown by the innumerable cells running through the stone. When it is boiled in milk and water the fluid bubbles through these cells at a furious rate, but the stone loses none of its hardness. and learned from him the history of this stone so as it is known. Mr. Orton is a native of Kentucky. father's family lived near Madison, the county seat of Madison County. About the year 1829 an old man named Hoagland came to Madison, bringing this stone with him. He never knew how it came into the possession of his family, but thought it must have come from some remote part of the South and was at one time owned by an old slave. He remembered that this old slave, who lived in Louisiana, told wonderful stories of miracles that had been performed with the Not only had people been cured from the bite of rabid dogs, from the poisonous bites of snakes and other reptiles, but witches had been driven away by the aid of its charms. Hoagland, however, did not seem to prize the stone highly, for he gave it to his son. Young Orton and the Hoagland boy attended the same village school. The latter brought the madstone with him for a plaything and young Orton se-

cured it through the barter of a jack-knife.

At that time hydrophobia was little known at Madison. But one day a dog did go mad and bit a little negro girl. Then, for the first time to anysensation at application was the same then as now, port his head, and hence the doctors were forced to de The patient complained of a severe drawing sensation, which increased and decreased at intervals. The girl put him on a mattrees on an ordinary dining-room recovered from the bite and was never afflicted with any symptoms of hydrophobia. The stone was ap- Around his head and chin were bound very strong like results.

the madstone with him, and in the time he has lived the madstone with him, and in the time he has fived near Denver it has been applied to at least twenty-five or thirty persons who had been bitten by venomous snakes or rabid animals. In every case where the stone has been applied the patient recovered. Strange to say, Mr. Orton has failed until this year to keep a complete record of cases treated by him. However, he named the most important ones. A young man came to him from Kansas about two years ago who had been bitten through the wrist in a fearful manner by a rabid dog. The animal also bit some cattle and they died with hydrophobia. The madstone was applied to this wound. It adhered instantly and in a few minutes a stream of blood, water and putrid matter ran through the stone and poured on the floor.

Mr. Orton has treated these six cases successfully so far this season: Charley Huey, a lad of St. Mary's Township, bitten by a rabid dog; William Parker, an old man of Kellerville, Ill., bitten by a mad dog; Ira Punty, a lad of Carthage, bitten by a dog supposed to mad; Clara Rice, a little girl at Piper City, Ill., Meredosia, Ill., bitten by a rabid dog; G. W. E. Cook. ex-Mayor of Lacon, Ill., bitten by a rabid dog. This last case was a peculiar case. Mr. Cook owns two valuable dogs—a St. Bernard and an English pug. He was overlooking some work on his premises and the was overtooking some work on his premises and his two dogs were with him. Suddenly a strange dog came running down the road. Foam was dripping

lie was overtooking some work on his premises and his two dogs were with him. Suddenly a strange dog came running down the road. Foam was dripping from the animal's mouth and it snapped at every object in fits path. Cook saw that the dog was mad and immediately commanded his dogs to go to the house, which they did with little ceremony. The mad dog made a vicious assault on Cook, biting him on the hand in two places. When the stone was applied Cook exclaimed, "I acts as if it were alive." Then, turning pale, he said: "The drawing sensation makes me stek." This drawing sensation is experienced by every patient and many of them are subjected to excessive nausea.

The method of applying the madstone is simple. A physician is generally in attendance and scarilies the wound. After the stone has been thoroughly boiled in milk and water the concave side is appled. So long as the patient experiences the drawing sensation the stone is kept close to the wound. It is then reboiled in milk and water. Much has been said concerning the "green scum" that is drawn off from wounds. Mr. Orion says that as a general thing the stone shows no indication of having absorbed any poisonous or other matter, yet in reboiling the stone in milk and water a peculiar scum arises therefrom. Mr. Orion is very careful in handling the milk and water after boiling, and the vessel is used only for that purpose.

and when she refused he backed her head well nigh She was taken to the receiving hospital more as a matter of form than anything else, but the doctors were amazed to find that she did not succumb to her fearful wounds. Her brains oozed out through the gashes and were cut away by the ounce, bu loss didn't seem to bother her in the least. She lay in placid content on her cot, and when the wound about her business just as though she had never lost

"Chinese vitality," was what the doctors said; but a white man soon after demonstrated equal tenacity of life. He was tamping down a blast when the powder exploded, and the tamping iron was driven through the interior part of his brain from chin top of head. It was one of the worst wounds that local surgeons ever wrestled with. They said death was a recovered fully, and in his walks about fown always carried the tamping iron as a cane. Another case equally strange, but which ended in the injured man's death, was that of the man in the planing mill who lutions a minute, driven through his nose. It flew off the machine, struck the base of his nose, and ranging the brain. The man was examined by hospital up his wound and sent him home. He lived for three days, suffering intolerable agony, and it was only the post-mortem examination which revealed three-quarters of an inch wide, which had penetrated

But all other cases dwindle before that of James

five days with a broken neck, and was virtually dead from the arm-plis down. On May 22 a bale of hay weighing 250 pounds fell on Hill's head, driving it down between his shoulders and crushing his neck into his body so that reduced to one and one half inches. The physicians vertebrae were shattered, and that recovery was hop less. The patient was removed to his home, and amination. It was found that the third and fourth were driven into the spinal column, and that some of the spinal fluid was exuding. The body was completely paralyzed below the second rib, and all breathing was carried on by the diaphragm, as the man had removed the fragments of splintered bone and Hill at once felt great relief. His neck was unable to supvise an apparatus to give the needed support. They table, which was placed in the middle of a room. feet. This contrivance kept his head in place withgans were in good condition, and though as high an authority as the English surgeon Hilton declares that a fracture above the fourth vertebrae, when the spinal cord sustains damage, must be fatal, as the phrenis cord sustains damage, must be fafal, as the phrenic nerve that moves the diaphragm is paralyzed, yet Hill demonstrated that this conclusion was false. All his breathing continued to be done by the muscles of the diaphragm. By means of his brain force, which was unimpaired, the organs of respiration, circulation and digestion continued to do their work, although the nerves of sensation and motion were all paralyzed. The man was not conscious that he had any body, yet In everything that makes life, except motion and sen-sation, he was as vigorous as ever.

He greatly alded the doctors by his courage and cheerfulness. He declared he had never lost con-

cheerfulness. He declared he had never lost consciousness even when the operation on his mack was performed. He book liquid nourishment, systems and fruit, and his appetite, until a few clays before his death, was vicrous and his digestion perfort. If was very sad to see this stalwart man, lying there as helptess as an infant, but with brain as strong and active as ever. Every morning he insisted upon seeing the men who were working for him, and giving them orders for the day. He showed all his customary shrewdness in bargaining on contracts. As day after day passed with no change for the better in his condition, he grew weary of life and declared he was ready to die, as life, in his state was not worth living. He gave a terrible description of his sensations. He said he seemed to be a live man in the body of a corpse, and he felt something like a dead weight pulling him down. A week before the end came he began to co-opiain that he could not digest oysters. This the doctors regarded as a sure sign that the stomach would soon cease its functions, as it had learned there was no occasion for work to support a dead body. Then the patient began to lose interest in his business and at last one day the doctor told him plainly he had only a few hours more of life. He had made his will and left his affairs in good shape, so he said he was willing to go but he begged to be set on his feet, as he was dving, and allowed to drink a glass of water. The doctor told him he would die in a gente stery, so he gave up the idea of a drink.

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"I confess that I have been skeptical as to its christopher in the patient of the stone of the stone

swelling of the arm from a dog-bite was reduced within a few minutes.

SARAH'S LATEST TANTRUM

From The London Star.

Sarah Bernhart's latest catastrophe with her jewels is too good to miss getting into print. It seems that it is reported that the Duchess of Edinburgh has already returned to St. Petersburg. There is no condation for the runnor that the travellers will proceed to Martin proceed to Martin proceed to Jutland from here. They are having splendal weather in their holiday tour to the Finnish Archipetago. The usual generating on recovered property, and finding that this commission would in the prefet depolice. The guardian of the pears who was attending to her assured her, in his most plausible manner, that she could not see the "chief" without an appointment, whereupon Sarah exclaimed: "Why, not? I can see the Prince of Weiss without an appointment; Why not the chief of police? Finding argument, however, apposite, of no avail, Is grande tragedienne betook herself to Essex-st, to her solicitors, who told her that the police in this case had the law on their side, but advised her to return to Scotland Yard and ask what was the lowest they would take. Sarah therefore returned, and meekly asked whether they could not remit part of the commission. Whereupon she was informed that, considering the circumstances of the case, they would "knock off" 100 pounds and let her fortunate cabman.

Iconvenient senson, is now growinsed by y were tonumed for next autumn—as oright to one a good book. Mr. Curron has lately travelled much in Control Asia, but this volume will be something more than a mere record of travel. Politics of the high kind are to be dead with. The American Control of the high kind are to be dead with the fact of the high kind are to be dead with. The American Control of the high kind are to be dead with the fact of the high kind are to be dead with the fact of the high kind are to be dead with the fact of the high kind are to be dead with the fact of the high kind are to be dead with the fact of the high kind are to be dead with the fact of the high kind are to be dead with the fact of the high kind are to be dead with the fact of the high kind are to be dead with the fact of the high kind are to be dead with the fact of the high kind and the high the fact of the high kind and the high the fact of the high kind are to be dead and burief, and within the last few years and with the last few years are some of the more abundance will have been dead and burief, and within the last few years and with the last few years and the high the fact of the high kind and the high the high

SOUND FISHERMEN UNHAPPY.

SHAD AND OYSTER CATCHES DECREASING.

THE STARFISH THE OYSTER'S CHIEF ENEMY-A

Norwich, Conn., Aug. 10 (Special).-Connecticut's fishing industry is lagging and the followers of this once profitable business are becoming considerably exercised. The figures for the last five years tell the story. In 1885 the total catch of shad was 190,300; 1889, 42,325. After deliberate consideration the Fish Commissioners have expounded a theory why this should be so, but it is a theory that is not meeting with universal acceptance. They advance two causes water at the mouth of the Connecticut River, which turns the fish off into Eastern waters, and, secondly, the impure water in the Connecticut caused by the sewage and refuse from Hartford, Springfield, Holyoke and the manufacturing centres at South Hadley Falls, Thompsonville and Windsor Locks. But the contaminated condition of the river is made the paramount

Oyster farmers, too, are experiencing their usual uble with the starfish. A starfish is a unique instrument of destruction. The body is depressed and divided into rays like a star; the upper surface is studded with rough knobs, between which are the openings of many minute tubes for the passage of water in and out of the body. On the external edges of the rays are stiff spines, which serve as protectors, and at the end of each ray is a small reddish eyeshell, the hard parts being ejected after the soft por-A Norwich man picked up a tions are digested. it lacked that sponge-like elasticity for which they a big clam, shell and all, measuring four inches in ameter. The fish measured but five. But the most than thing about the starfish is its great power of regeneration of lost parts. If one of the arms or rays becomes broken off the fish will grow another;

them all; but if the five meet with destruction the These walking stomachs drift leisurely along the shore devouring all the accumulated garbage, but always pointed for one particular spot-an oyster bed. Armed with a natural saw and syringe they march upon the bivalves, cut a small opening in the shell it an easy prey. When once they arrive destruction of the card table not only invited him to their and inject a fluid which stupifies the ofster and renders

if four of the five are lost it will live to reproduce

before their presence is discovered. Young stars live on "jingles" until they are able to furnish him with letters of recommendation to the one with an oyster. These are small shells, about British representatives at foreign courts. the size of a man's thumb, which are planted by termen for oyster spat, or seed, to adhere to, and to lose them means the loss of a season's crop. At six months a starfish is big enough to tackle an oyster. The advancement from "jingles" to healthy bivalves is shallow water when the sea was smooth and the water clear. The young starfish lacks experience and the systers make it rather uncomfortable for them by catching their rays between the shells and pinching

em off.
One old fisherman tells of a fight between a big oyster and a little fish which he saw last season. It eign made him a Knight of the Order of Christ. oyster and a little lish which he saw last season. It was a fight "to a finish," and one the like of which he never saw before. The young starfish approached the open oyster and slowly settled down upon it. The shell sprang together with a snap and the fish, which had settled upon it with five rays, bobbed suddenly up with only four. The oyster again dropped his blinds and awaited a second attack. He didn't have to wait long. Slowly the fish began to drop until he was again a-straddle of the oyster, when a repetition of the former round occurred, and he now had three rays instead of five. Three times more this scene was enacted and then the lish keeled over, dead. This army of oyster pirates has arrived in Connection waters and the Sound oystermen in the vicinity of Stamford are bemoaning their fate. They have come a million strong and are sawing away at a terrific rate. But the battle is not a one-sided affair by any means. Dredges are busily at work raising both the starlish and the oysters. The former are put into barrels and killed by steam, while the oysters are replanted. When life has been boiled out of the fish they are shovelled back into the sea for other species of the wet world to feed upon.

But this method of destroying the destroyer is not a satisfactory one; it is altogether too slow. Every oyster farmer holds his views of how the dread enemy can be exterminated, but they prove impracticable, some have thought that polson could be put into the water which would destroy the starfish, but the inventors of this predigious thought have not yet inventors of this predigious thought have not yet inventors a specific article that will not kill everything else also. There is a fortune awaiting the man who solves the riddle, and every dealer along the Connecticut coast is engaged in thought. was a fight "to a finish," and one the like of which

GENERAL SHERMAN AND THE HOTEL CLERK.

GENERAL SHERMAN AND THE HOTEL CLERK.
From The Merchant Traveller.
The other evening General Sherman went to a well-known hotel in New-York and inquired of the room clerk if he could bire an umbrella, at the same time explaining that he had been caught out in his evening suit and he feared rheumatism and other complaines. The clerk didn't know him, but he thought he could well afford to take chances on such an eminently respectable looking gentleman, and although the polite clerk has a rotund figure and weighs about 212, he gladly offered to loan him his overcoat as well as his silver-handled umbrella.

"But," said the general, "you are lending these things to an entire stranger, and you ought to accept some kind of a deposit to secure you against dishonesty."

some kind of a deposit to secure you against dishonesty."

"Oh, that's all right, colonel," replied the cleek, "I can't be deceived by you. I'd trust that face of yours for anything."

The warrior was tickled by the compliment, and he remarked casually as he went out with his tall, gaunt form enveloped in the gaement that sited him like a meal sack, "I'll take you at your word, and you shall have my card when I return these things."

The next day the coat and umbrella arrived, accompanied by a note of thanks and a photograph of General William T. Shirman, with his autocrath across its face. "Great scott" said the clerk, "and I called him "Colonel," just as if he had been any ordinary American citien! I wouldn't mind it half so much if I had called him 'Judge,' but to be reduced in military rank after all his years of service—and by a hotel clerk! It is awful."

EDWARD IRVING'S VAGARIES

From The St. James's Gazette.

A statement, made on the authority of the late Archdeacon Philpot, that on one occasion Edward Irving attempted by prayer to bring his dead child to life, has been stigmatized by the Irvingles as an attempt to cast a siur on the character of a great and good mat. But the circumstantial evidence of Mr. J. Bate in a letter to last week's "Record" is conclusive. Some sixty years ago Mr. Rate was acquainted with two brothers of the name of Douglas, book-sellers, and predecessors of the present firm of Burns & Oates. "Of the two brothers, the younger was a follower of Irving. He died of consumption, but was fully convinced, almost till the very hour of his decase, that he should live to see the Lord's personal advent. After his death Mr. Irving and some of his prophets came to the house and attempted to raise him

ROOM FOR THE RASCAL!

FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNK

THE PRINCE OF ROGUES COMING HITHER-STORY OF PRINCESS GHYKA.

Vienna, July 26.
I have been requested by the chief of the Vienna police to warn Americans against one of the most dangerous and successful swindlers ever set loose on an unsuspecting community. It is but a year ago that he issued forth from the penitentiary here on the completion of his term of six years' imprisonment, with hard labor, to which he had been sentenced in 1882, and already every capital of Europe is again ringing with accounts of his extraordinary exploits, his victims including even royal and imperial personages. At the present moment he is believed to be in the United States or on his way thither, his object being to exercise his profession in a new and rich field, and to escape the pressing attentions of the European police. His real name is Charles Hoffmann, which he oc casionally transforms into Baron von Hoffmann, Chevalier von Hoffmann, or Baron Henry de Courtier, the latter being his favorite alias. He describes himself as either an English or an Austrian colonel, a statement which is borne out by his military carriage and appearance. He dresses with quiet elegance, is tall and powerfully built, with black hair and a thick gray mustache. His age is about forty-seven, and he is married to a charming Russian princess, whom he has deserted after squandering to the last cent her once considerable fortune. The chief of police here adds that the pseudo "Colonel de Courtier" speaks English, French, German, Italian and Russian without the slightest trace of any foreign accent. His history is indeed a strange one. Born in

1843 at Prague as the son of a respectable glass

dealer named Hoffmann, he made his way to Eng-

land in 1859, after his father's death, and in a very brief space of time spent every penny of his portion of the inheritance. In 1865 he made his appearance at Carlsbad, where he figured as a member of Queen Victoria's bodyguard of gentlemenat-arms, every one of whom bears the rank of His fascinating manners, the fortune which he appeared to possess, and the rank which he claimed in the British Army, proved sufficient to capture the heart and the hand of a princess, a wealthy and beautiful young Russian widow. Shortly after his marriage he took up his residence on his wife's estates in Russian Poland, and lived there with great splendor for several years. Cards and every other kind of extravagance soon made enormous inroads into his wife's fortune, and in 1872, after selling every portion of her property for which he could find a purchaser and mortgaging the remainder, he deserted the Princess and moved to Berlin. While there he acquired several hundred thousand dollars as a negotiator of more or less fraudulent foreign railroad contracts, but spent the money as fast as he made it. He insinuated that herwas in constant and confidential intercourse with Prince Bismarck, and that he was frequently employed by him for confidential political missions. Although this was believed to be the case at the time by les victims, and proved to be a source of material support to him in his swindling operations, yet it has since been discovered that the Chancellor did not even know him by sight. Berlin at length became too hot to hold him any longer, and in 1875 he took up his restdence in London, where he described himself as the nephew of Baron von Hoffmann, who at that time held the post of Minister of Finance of the s very flexible and will admit large mollusks with the Austro-Hungarian Empire. It was due to a belief in the existence of this relationship that he was made an honorary member of several of beautiful specimen at Watch Hill a few days ago, but the very best London clubs, where the insouciance, liberality and sangfroid with which he lost large sums at cards soon won for him a host of friends of the highest rank, including even the Heir Apparent, a number of whose letters were found among his papers at the time of his arrest in 1882. It is probable that his losses at cards were intentional, and that he was shrewd enough to perceive that money spent in that manwould enable him considerably extend the field of his swindling opera-That the investment was tions "en grand." of a profitable nature is shown by the enormous extent of the frauds which he perpetrated in London, and by the fact that his acquaintances is swift, and hundreds of acres of oysters are destroyed | houses and country seats, but also presented him to their bankers, and even went so far as to British representatives at foreign courts.

met at the tables of the English Ambassadors and Ministers in Continental capitals, whose leading citizens can scarcely be blamed for having accorded their confidence and consideration to a man whom they knew to be treated with such marked cordiality by Her Britannic Majesty's envoys. So favorable was the impression which he created both at Rome and at Lisbon that King Humbert conferred upon him the cross of a Cavalier of the Order of the Crown-the same which Mr. George M. Pullman possesses,-while the Portuguese sover. During one of his visits to Brussels he became acquainted with the late Crown Prince Rudolf of Austro-Hungary, who conceived a great liking for him. Foreseeing the advantages of an intimacy of this nature, Hoffmann announced his intention of presenting to the Archduke a magnificent yacht as a wedding gift. The plans of the latter were duly submitted to Prince Rudolf and approved by him; and Crown Princess Stephanie's chamberlain, Admiral Count Bombelles, was actually in correspondence with Hoffmann respecting the date on which Her Imperial Highness was to christen the yacht, when suddenly the prospective giver of the latter was arrested in this city on charges of forgery and fraud of the most ex. tensive kind. A few weeks later, on June 26, 1882, Karl Hoffmann, the friend of the British and Austrian Heirs Apparent, the honored guest of English Ambassadors and envoys, the husband of a princess, and a Knight of several Royal orders, was sentenced to a term of penal servitude for a series of frauds unparalleled since the days of

Robert Macaire. This is the illustrious stranger, then, who under some alias is now about to honor the United States with his presence, with a view to business.

Minister has just expired at Gratz, as an immate of the city almshouse. Twenty years ago the fame of Princess Marie Ghyka's beauty extended from the shores of the Danube to the banks of the Seine. Napoleon III was one of her most fervent admirers, and there are doubtless many of those who took part in the festivities at the Tuileries and at St. Cloud' during the closing years of the Empire who will recall to mind the grace and loveliness of the wife of the Rumanian Premier. A Tyrolese by birth, and of humble parentage, she had first attracted the Prince's attention while acting as governess to the children of a wealthy nobleman at Bukharest. Finding that, as in the case of the Empress Eugenie, "the only road to her heart led through the chapel," he married her, case of the chart led through the chapel," he married her, much to the indignation of his relatives. The latter obtained their revenge in 1872, when the Prince died very suddenly and unexpectedly, leaving his affairs in the mest terrible confusion. By dint of an immense amount of bribery and of political influence, the unfortunate widow was deprived of any participation or benefit in her husband's estate. Finding herself penniless, she in a moment of recklessness and despair forgot what was due to her rank and station, and gave way to the temptations which her behuty caused to be held out to her from every side. She lived in turn with several of the best-known members of the Austrian "jeunesse dorce." Dissipation and honerasing years caused her charms to fade, and a held out to her from every side. She lived in turn with several of the best-known members of the Austrian "jeunesse doree." Dissipation and increasing years caused her charms to fade, and a couple of years ago she was found starving in a tenement-house of the subarbs here. A small sum of money was collected in her behalf and a room secured for her in the almshouse at Gratz, where she has just expired. Among those who lavished their wealth on her, and who ruined themselves for her sake—while her beauty still lasted—was an Italian named Morelli, who was stated at the time here to have acquired in New-York the fortune which he spent on her.

WAS THE CHAIRMAN RIGHT?

Prom The Washington Post.

One evening, a few years ago, the late Elijah M.
Haines, of Illinois, was called upon to preside at a
meeting of lawyers assembled in Springfield, for the
purpose of considering the best means of passing a

bill then pending in the Legislature. Mr. Haines, on taking the chair, explained the purpose of the meeting and suggested what he thought would be the best way to insure the bill's passage. Interrupting him, a gentleman in one of the rear seats rose and said:

"By the way, Mr. Chairman, if I may make a sugstion right here—"

"The gentleman's suggestion is a very good one, a said the keen chairman.

"How do you know!" asked the gentleman, a little miffed. "I haven't made it yet."

"Oh," replied Mr. Haines, "I thought you said buy the way," and I am some that is the quickest and easiest means of obtaining a way to pass a bill."

THE TROUBLES IN CRETE

HADJI-MIKALPS ADVICE.

CHEESE AN INSURRECTIONARY SYMBOL FORMER FRA DIAVOLOS TURNED DOVES-

THE CRETAN PARLIAMENT AND

THE "UNSPEAKABLE TURK." FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.

nercantile-looking but highly politically important words which the famous Hadji-Mikali, the leader of all preceding Cretan revolts, telegraphed hence to the Cretans, in 1886, when they wanted to rise up against member the great rebellions of 1866 and 1878. Well, those restless natives of the island, formerly so quiet, the country of Minos, Rhadamane and Eachus, their decennial tussic with their Moslem friends, and they asked the advice of their former chieftain, just as the Magyars interrogated Kossuth recently about the opportunity of cutting themselves off from the un natural bounds of imperial dualism. The venerable and venerated Hadji-Mikali advised his Cretan friends that the time had not come-1886-" to buy cheesa which means, for the initiated, to revolt. The adaptation of such a mild produce as cheese to bloody reve lutionary deeds will not seem a very surprising symbol to those who know that goats, goat milk and consequently goat cheese have always been a great feature in the island ever since Idameneus reigned over there, the nymphs danced on the slopes of Mount Ida, and the Minotaur yearly waited for the convoy of Athenian maidens.

The Cretan leaders followed, then, in 1886, the advice of the old chieftain, and "did not buy any cheese." It is not known whether they asked for his counsel again this year, but if they did they have not followed the certainly peaceful advice of Hadji-Mikall. The old patriot has retired entirely from the cheese" business, not without having secured from it a revenue which comes to him under the form of double pension, paid by two governments. Greece and be endangered through any advocacy of a rebellion in Crete. Moreover, Hadji-Mikali is old enough to be entitled to let his gun hang peacefully behind the door of his residence at Athens. Whether opportunely or otherwise, however, it seems certain that the Cretan leaders have "bought cheese," and begun another decennial insurrection. It is impossible yet to say whether or not it will spread all through the island, though this is probable, or whether it will involve this very country of Greece and perhaps some other in Western Europe. The Cretan quest is one of those Eastern questions, about which a blow up Europe at any time"-" and whose fuse is ever liable to be lighted in Western Europe hersels," might have added another diplomat. Well, the bell has been set rolling in Minos Island; Europe may prevent it from going further than the beach, and views relative to Crete, does not seem prepared to face the music just now. Two of three days ago a Ministerial paper, the "Ephemeris," said: "The flag of insurrection has been unfuried in the island. We have recommended to the Cretam tranquility and reserve. We repeat to-day: do'not uation; and injure also the country toward which you turn your eyes, as toward the beaming ideal to understand that Crete might be another Cyprus, and that the Archipelago does not absolutely nee the presence of a larger number of British officials and British tradesmen.

The most suitable solution to the question would be to convince Turkey to consent to the abandonment which does not bring her any revenue, and whose inhabitants she does not pretend to govern in any way. Some of the Turkish officials are Cretany who formerly led insurrections. Gogoni, on sub-prefects in the district of Causa, was at the head of the local insurgents at Suda, in 1866 and 1878, which killed an orthodox priest by his side. When peace was re-established, Gogoni was appointed a Turkish sub-prefect, and he presented Sawas, who had become Governor-General, with the very gun-ha had become Governor-General, with the very gan-ha-had used against him. The stamboul Government has given up sending into exile the "dangerous" Cretans; it gives them decorations and offices. Still-it cannot be said that this succeeds always, and besides, it is a newly tried experiment. Very often the leaders, after the crushing of the periodical revolts, solicit and obtain a small pension from Greece, and they become members of the Parliament at Canea, being thus insured against any annoyance from the Turkish authorities. Small offices are usually, given to the disastished or resides. Comment

and they become members of the Parliament at tanea, being thus insured against any annoyance from the Turkish authorities. Small offices are usually, given to the dissatisfied or resiless Cretans.

This has been the case, especially, for the constabulary, or Souvaris, mounted policemen. All travellers in Crete were duly warned to look out for the Klephtes, half brigands and half patriots, something like the Fra Diavolos of the Neapolitaa and Calabrian mountains. Of course, these men much preferred to levy tribute upon the Musulman beys and effendis, but rather than return empty handed from their pillaging excursions, they did not step at ransoming the Christians. Now the traveller through the mountain passes and valleys in Greto does not meet any more Klephtes, but numerous sonvaris, or mounted constabulary, whose creation was decided on in 1878 by Sawas Pacha, and in whose squadrons the Klephtes were invited to enter, with good pay and easy service.

The fact is that in Crete the Mussulman conqueners have been absorbed by the vanquished populations. Few of them speak Turkish now, and if they use Turkish words in their prayers they do not understand their meaning. The Island is evidently a mere nominal dependence of Turkey. The Cretan Parliament, including eighty members, counted fortynine Christians and thirty Moslems, in 1886; and the unblushing pressure exerted by the native officials, and the present insurrectionary movement is no exception to the rule.

DARWIN AND HIS NEIGHBORS.

DARWIN AND HIS NEIGHBORS.

From The Pall Mail Gazette.

"I was fossil-hunting the other day," writes a correspondent, "In a chalk-pit near keston when a thunderstorm forced me to take shelter in a shel, where I had an interesting conversation with two old workmen. "Do you find many fossils here?" I asked. "Yes, sometimes we git one or two, then we maybe find a lot more of the same sort near it, Gentlemen comes along about every two days and picks 'em over. I found some shark's teeth once. Mr.—, at Bromley, said they was mammon's (!) teeth, but I took 'em to Sir John Lubbock and Mr. Darwin and they both said they were shark's as soon as they saw 'em. Maybe you've heard of Mr. Darwin's "Yes, I have heard of him. Did the people around here often take things to him?" "Sometimes, when they wanted to know what anything was. He could always tell 'em. Master Frank will now if you go to him; he's very clever." "I once took a effection to Sir John," chimed in his comrade. "I killed it up yonder by the baru. Bob saw it first, but he was frightened. He'd been boozing for a week, and would a been scared at anything. It was about that length fabout a footh, and Mr.— tolled me to tek it straight down to Sir John, it hed such eyes. I went into Sir John's room—be was at home—but he couldn't tell me what it was. 'Wait a bit here,' he said, and I'll look at my books.' So he went out for about a quarter of an hour. His room was full of all sorts of things—lizarls, toads, vipers and nearly everything. When he came back he told me what it was, and gave me half a sovereign. 'That's the male,' he said; 'you'll find the female near the same spot,'s "Which Sir John was that: "That's the male,' he said; 'you'll find the female near the same spot,'s "Which Sir John was that: "That's the male,' he said; 'you'll find the female near the same spot,'s "Which Sir John was that: "That's the male,' he said; 'you'll find the female near the same spot, said sout anits."

TESTING THE ARAB PROPHETS.

From The Washington Post.

The Arabs have a very certain method of ascertaining whether one of their prophets is a true one or a false. They organize an army, place him at the head of it and make an assault on Egypt. If he is a true prophet he conquers, but if he is a false one he falis. Thus far the number of those who have falled tailies to a man with those who have embarked in the prophet business, all of which would be very discouraging to anybody but a howling dervish who is not acustomed to making a howling success of much of anything.

THE DEMOCRATIC TRAIN.

From The Omaha Republican.

It was during the last campaign. One of the ornate bores who take "straw votes" had been pursuing his nefarious calling on a railway train and had reached the last man. "Who will you vote for for President!"

"The signiar dimmycratic nominee," was the prompt sident!" The rigular dimmycratic nominee," was the prompt

reply.

"Ah," said the straw voter blandly, as he marked to down, "you're away behind on this train. Every-"Ah." said the straw voice beauty, as he shared it down, "you're away behind on this train. Everybody here is for Elaine."

"To the divil wid this train," responded the other; there's wan just behind that 'll rool up a dimmycratic majority, that 'ud make you thed."

"And what train is that?" asked the bore, as he stopped in his calculation and looked up with interest.

"The gravel train," was the triumphant runly.